

1188 d 5
X 3.
Laugh and Lye Down;

O R,

A pleasant, but sure, REMEDY

FOR THE

G O U T,

Without EXPENCE OF DANGER.

Generously publish'd and Recommended,
From the Author's own Experience.

I N A

P O E M

S E R I O - C O M I C.

Humbly inscribed to Sir HANS SLOANE, Bart.
President of the Royal Society, &c.

Diū multumque desideratum.

Long and much wanted, here it is—
I'll pawn my Life 'tis not amiss.

Laugh and lye down: Get up and Laugh
Soon follows; and that's best by half.
I've hit the Mark, sure as a Gun:
Believe it, and the Work's half done.

If any Critic dares attack,
I'll lay him flat upon his Back:
Or else I'll give him such a Squeeze,
Shall make him—Down upon his Knees.

Printed for LAWTON GILLIVER, at *Homer's Head*,
opposite to St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet-street.

M D C C X X X I X.

(Price One Shilling.)

2702

YOUNG AND SONS

I U O

M R O

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This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some faint horizontal lines and small dark spots, possibly due to age or handling. There is no text or other markings on the page.

1894

(Benedictine)

For
W
In
ly
Re



PREFACE

TO THE

READER:

To be read Forward and Backward (that is, last of all) as most Prefaces require.

IT is usual (and indeed naturally expected) that all Persons who pretend to advance any new Scheme, or set on Foot any Project, should first pave the Way for its better Reception, by some *Introductory Preface*; and not fall bluntly to work, without any ceremonious Regard first paid to the Publick; whose

A

Favour

Favour it should be their Duty, or Interest at least, to bespeak. But as this was not really my Case, so I had at first absolutely determin'd not to make use of this Expedient; as well knowing that what I had to advance would force it's own Way, being neither Scheme, nor Project, but downright Matter of Fact; and such as for which I would make myself Responsible, not only to my best Friends, but even to the very worst of my Enemies, (if I could be suppos'd to have any such in this Case wherein I have studied to be their Friend.) But as Resolutions are of a mutable Nature, and there may be very good Reasons sometimes for an Alteration; I happened indeed, after my Poem was finish'd, to find several occurring to my Thoughts.

For Instance, First I perceiv'd, that the Bulk of the Whole had unexpectedly risen beyond the Proportion I design'd; new Ideas and After-thoughts having occasionally forc'd themselves, as it were, upon my Mind; and on Perusal, seem'd

seem'd to demand here and there a Place for Insertion, which I could not well refuse. However this, by the way, had like to have spoil'd a good Jest of Sir HANS SLOANE ;

Your's is no more than Andrew's Packet. For I had then designed only a Tester-Price; and I had mentioned it accordingly. I must own, at first I was loth either to spoil the Joke or the Rhime: but by a Dexterity of Invention, I sav'd the latter by keeping the Word *Tester* in its Place, only putting *Double* before it; and the Joke may stand good still, as to the suppos'd Quality, tho' not the Price.

Again, I chanc'd on a Review to consider, that, if by my late Insertions, and particularly that of the *Episode*, as I beg leave to call it, (which I hope will be thought neither useless, nor unentertaining) and also with the Addition of a handsome *Preface*, I could swell it up to a Twelve Penny Size; that this might possibly be some Security from the Depredations so frequently committed upon

us small Poets, by those pyratrical Gentlemen *the Magaziners*; who stand ready to seize upon all Poems of the smaller Sort, to the great Detriment of the Authors, who might otherwise perhaps have had the Run and Benefit of a *Second* and *Third Edition*. But when thus guarded both in Front and Rear by a *Preface*, and one or more *Postscripts*, perhaps equally curious, they can't well seize all the Effects; and if they proceed by the Way of Gutting and Garbling, that will only excite the Curiosity of more to be acquainted with the Original Piece thought worthy to be so mangled, and will be a very proper *Advertisement* of it. If these are not thought Reasons sufficient to enhance the Bulk and Price of this Commodity, I have yet another strong one behind, which is its real and intrinsic Value; which by being set too low might induce many to suppose there was nothing in't; or at least, that it was designed only for the vulgar Sort: whereas now
it

it may seem more worthy the Inspection of Gentlemen and Ladies. I should indeed have had some printed on royal Paper for the Quality, many of whom may have great Occasion to purchase, but perhaps may think it too great a Condescension to stoop so low as it stands e'en now. But this may be remedied hereafter, if there should be a Call.

In the Mean Time, I am well assured, that there will be a great Demand for this little Piece, because the Subject of it is a bodily Affair; and we know very well, how much any thing of that Nature is apt to preponderate or outweigh what relates to the Soul. And here give me leave to tell you a Story.——A certain Gentleman, who had the Foundation of a good University Education, and consequently was so far qualify'd to betake himself to any of the learned Professions, made it his Choice to set up for a Physician: but after some time, either for Want of due Encouragement as to his Practice, or on whatever Motive, thought
fit

fit to enter into Holy Orders; and being presented by the Lord Chancellour to a Living in the Country (the Town being his Place of Residence before) was willing to do what good he could in his Neighbourhood, with Respect to both Capacities. But after a thorough Experience in both, made this notable Remark. When I am sent for to pray by a Person, and administer spiritual Advice or Comfort, I have often at some distance over-heard it whisper'd in the Family; *Here's the Parson coming, set away the Victuals, &c.* On the contrary, when I came as a Phyfician for the Body, says the Good Man of the House—*Wife, what hast got for the honest Doctor? Let him have the Best in the House.*

If it might not be thought too great a Digression, I would mention another Story of the same Gentleman; which, tho' not directly applicable to the Case mention'd, yet is very fuitable to mine. Being at a Vestry when the Parish Accounts were a settling, and the Parishioners

oners assembled of a very contentious and tumultuous Temper, and a Combustion having been rais'd to a great Height amongst them, which he had strongly, but in vain endeavour'd to quell—He rises from his Seat, and moves off with this very odd Expression, *Pox take you all*——Upon which, one of the Company more sage and Calm than the Rest, catch'd hold of his Gown and begg'd, “ Doctor, for God’s sake, don’t leave us—
 “ if you do, we shall all go together
 “ by the Ears—Besides, Sir, to leave us
 “ with a Curse in your Mouth——
 “ Curse, he reply’d —I meant it for
 “ a Blessing — For had you all the
 “ Pox, I could cure you, and you
 “ would be willing to be cur’d ——
 “ But I find ’tis beyond my Skill or
 “ Power to cure you of this wrangling
 “ Distemper.” Which humorous Reprimand had so good an Effect, that it set them all a laughing, and made them good Friends.

This

This Story and its good Effect may be no small Apology for the ludicrous Manner of Treating my present Subject: For the Gout is so generally known to make People testy, as I have experienc'd in my self, that I was sensible my Patients would be too touchy for me to make any Impression upon 'em with a mere dry Humdrum Narrative, without some Artifice to put 'em into, and uphold 'em in a good Humour, till they had gone quite through. Whereas now, as the Entertainment is cook'd up and dish'd out, I hope it may not offend the most dainty and delicate Palate.

*And now, my good Guests, I beseech you
fall too——*

*You're all heartily Wellcome without
more ado.*

Jamque Opus exegi.



Laugh and Lye Down,

O R,

A Pleasant but sure REMEDY

FOR THE

G O U T.



*O all the hobling Generation,
Male, or Female, throughout the
Nation:
(Doubtless, a noble Congregation.)*

Lords, Ladies, Gentlemen, attend :

To you with great Respect I bend ;

And I sincerely am your Friend.

B

Let

Let me be fairly understood:

I write this for the publick Good.

And if you don't approve the same,

I'll take upon me publick Shame,

10

Do Penance in white Sheet, or Pond;

If you to take Revenge be fond.

Of my great Skill here take a Sample;

And, failing, make me an Example.

The best and safest Cure for Gout,

15

Lately, but luckily, found out,

By a well-meaning Country Cler.

The Truth whereof he dares aver.

He's no Quack Mountebanking Jester;

Nor was he born the Day 'fore Yester;

20

Tho' he prescribes for twice one Tester.

Should he cure Hyp too, and the Vapours;

Be thank ful for his useful Papers.

Should

Should you be coſtive or hide-bound,
Some gentle Motion may be found; 25

And ſhould it give you a chance Stool,
'Twere good; you'll find I am no Fool.

For in theſe Caſes to let out
Is right, as well as in the Gout.

In either Caſe take but my Bill, 30
And ſwallow that inſtead of Pill:

'Tis pleaſant, eaſy of Digefſion.

What is it then? Ay, that's the Queſtion.

If fortunately I have hit

On what no Mortal ever writ; 35

If all the Doctors of the College

Come ſhort of me in Point of Knowledge,

(I mean as to the Caſe in Hand,

Or rather Foot, — you underſtand)

And my Prescription obvious lye 40
 To Reason, Sense, and vulgar Eye,
 (As you'll see plainly by and by)
 Yet none e'er found it out before;
 How might I brag upon that Score?
 But I'm too modest, nor have the Face 45
 To stave you off with longer Preface.

The third Year's almost half run out,
 Since I've been laid up with the Gout;
 Tho' subject to be so before
 For about ten Years Space or more: 50
 Now if you'll listen to my Story,
 I'll lay my Practice down before ye.
 But first let it be understood
 What I shall venture to make good.
 If you've the Gout in either Foot, 55
 I'll tell you what you shall do to't,
 And bring Experience in to boot.

If you've already lost your Legs ;
 To be excus'd the Doctor begs.
 Or if your Feet are grown so bad, 60
 They're shrunk up, no Cure's to be had.
 Confirm'd hereditary Cases
 Must be contented with wry Faces.
 Flannel and Patience will not cure,
 But help the Misery t' endure. 65
 And water Gruel, good as 'tis,
 Is in these Cases not amiss.
 So likewise wearing flannel Socks
 Will keep the Feet less out o'th' Stocks.
 Here too my Lenient Method may 70
 Have some Effect—you'll hear it—stay—
 First give me leave to pave the Way.

ROGER'S Oyl comes vastly short,
 Altho' you pay much dearer for't,

Th'

Th' Humours, he saith, it won't repell : 75

Believe it those who best can tell.

But by what I have heard and known,

I would not use it for a Crown.

I mean not here a Crown in Money,

(Mistake me not for such a Toney) 80

No, courteous Reader, what's meant here

Is such a Crown as Princes wear.

But what have I to do with him,

Or any bold Projector's Whim?

My Method, sure to do you good, 85

Can do no harm; I'd pawn my Blood;

And my Veracity's at Stake

Already—now the Method take,

But first 'tis proper to premise

Some Hints—a Word's enough to th' Wife. 90

Consider first your Case of Gout:

Whether in-bred, or from without.

If 'tis entail'd, that's by Descent;
 Here, as I said, no Cure is meant.
 But great Advantage will arise 95

To him who soon my Method tries;
 I mean before (this Maxim note ye)
 The Joints are nodous grown, that's knotty;
 For then there's nothing to be done
 By means of *Perspiration* : 100

And That's my Method, to let out
 The noxious Humours of the Gout.

But where the Parts are stiff and strain'd
 Past feeling, nothing's to be gain'd:
 Perhaps indeed some little Ease 105

To th' neighbouring Parts—try, if you please.
 And my Intent's, I'm sure, to please ye;
 And, if't be possible, to ease ye.

If from without the Gout arise,
 High Food, and want of Exercise; 110

If

If 'tis Intemp'rance loads the Blood;
 Be sober, circumspect, and good.
 For when the Salts, as CHEYNE says,
 Abound and struggle hard for place,
 And can't well pass th' Extremities 120
 Of *narrow* * *Veins* and *Arteries*;
 Where || *Mouth in Mouth*, they'r join'd together,
 And there's no outward Passage neither,
 But all the Pores are shut so close,
 These Pris'ners, pent in, can't break loose, 125
 They make a Mutiny and Rout
 Within, which goes by Name of Gout:
 The Art is then to let 'em out.
 On which Account, I think that bleeding
 Must lessen the Distemper's feeding. 130
 Indeed, if needful, I could quote
 Sev'ral Physicians of great Note,

* Called *Capillary Vessels*.

|| The Term us'd by the Learned is *Anastomosis*.

Who have prescrib'd it in the Fit,
 I mean on the Approach of it;
 After, it weakens you too much, 135
 And then to spare your Blood you'd grudge.
 Buxom She-patients, or He-Jolly,
 Can't well omit this without Folly;
 To such I can't but recommend it,
 And with this one Remark shall end it. 140
 I well Remember, not of old,
 I chanc'd to catch a violent Cold,
 An Inflammation in the Main,
 On which I chose to breath a Vein.
 My Cold then issued in the Gout, 145
 (As frequently it comes about
 To those who're subject to't, no doubt)
 The Pains came on indeed, but soon
 March'd off again (O happy Boon!)
 Bleeding for me——But some had Fears, 150
 As I was growing into Years,

That Method seeming well to pass

Might be less proper in my Case.

Well, I submit — But must I burn

With pungent Fires at ev'ry turn?

155

I then consulted Doctor CHEYNE,

Who seems to write the best of any,

I mean, in the preventive Way ;

But has he any Cure for't, pray?

Yes— * *Nought but Temperance can cure it.* 160

So they're intemperate that endure it.

But this, I think, the Question begs :

All mayn't be so who've Gouty Legs.

Temperance, I own's a noble mean

To keep the Body tight and clean,

165

To make it shine with native Beauty;

Lightsome, and fit for ev'ry Duty:

But will it of it self alone,

Tho' a great Vertue, cure the Stone?

* In the Conclusion of his *Essay on the Gout.*

Say, that it might at first prevent; 170

By that, I think, no Cure is meant.

Besides it has no Rule that's one

To ev'ry Constitution :

What drowns one, scarce another moistens,

And one Man's Meat another poisons. 175

Howe'er the Doctor has confess'd

No other Cure will stand the Test :

What I'm advancing then's a Jest.

Courage, my Friends, it is but trying ;

Nor did it cost you much the buying : 180

Besides, I ne'er was us'd to lying.

Proceed we then, with Confidence

In your good Humour, and good Sense.

Th' aforesaid Doctor recommends

The Flour of Sulphur to his Friends. 185

As such, to take it I was willing,

Much as would lie upon a Shilling,

In Milk each Morning: but that's common,
The Method's known to each old Woman.

And this I hold most highly good 190

To smooth and purify the Blood,

And to help forward Perspiration.

Hence Flannel came so much in Fashion.

And by Experience I have found,

That Flannel Socks all the Year round 195

Will help to make the Gouty sound.

Hence too 'twas well by CHEYNE said,

Gouty Folks should lye much in Bed.

He Perspiration recommends;

But could not make it gain its Ends, 200

Before the Fire its Fuel spends.

The Doctor somewhere (I've forgot)

Mentions a Flesh-brush (and what not?)

I thank him for't: but 'twill not do;

And may do harm, 'twixt me and you: 205

Because

Because when us'd in Bed or Chair,
 The Foot's expos'd to hurtful Air.
 How nearly had the Doctor hit it,
 He touch'd the Hair, but did not split it.
 His Brush I found had nothing in't; 210
 But furnish'd me with such a Hint,
 Worth all the Money in the Mint.
 Let's have it then. You shall, and *gratis*,
 And surely no small Favour that is,
 But I must tell you all the Story 215
 And lay each Circumstance before ye.

One Morning, as I lay in Bed,
 Duce take the Doctor's Brush, I said;
 For now the Pain had seiz'd my Foot.
 And shall I then do nothing to't? 220
 I'll have one Brush with it, quoth I;
 And I've a Flesh Brush here just by,
 The True one, Nature's kind supply,

She

She gave us two Feet, being willing
 Each should of each have fellow feeling, 225
 And helpful to each other be
 In Cases of Extremity,
 Thus when with one you chance to stumble,
 T'other steps in to save the Tumble.
 Who knows, in present Exigence 230
 But t'other Foot may be some Fence?
 I'll try; methinks it stands to Sense.
 (For I could tell you, without Fiction,
 Of many Cures perform'd by *Friction*,
 Rubbing, or Chafing, which you please, 235
 Either it means, as * BAILEY saies.)
 Bravely resolv'd—to work I went:
 But, as my Feet too close were pent
 At the Bed's Foot; to make more room,
 I drew 'em nearer to my Bum. 240

* See BAILEY's *Dictionary*.

(We Doctors must not mince the Matter,
 Tho' some may think we only chatter;
 A Failure in one Circumstance
 A goodly Scheme to spoil may chance).
 My Knees thus rais'd up, that's erect, 245
 I could the Chafing Part effect;
 But then I fear'd the Part in Pain
 Would th' Operation scarce sustain,
 Tender, but not yet much inflam'd;
 Else 'twould have bitterly exclaim'd; 250
 Nay would perhaps have been much worse,
 As too far gone for such a Course.
 Take then this Caution by the Way;
 On first Assault make no delay,
 Rub, sweat it well, you'll gain the Day. 255
 Let no known Symptom pass you by,
 So long as you've your Doctor nigh.
 The wise old Rule will here stand good,
 'Tis best to nip it in the Bud.

The sweat rais'd, lay your Feet to soke, 260

And keep 'em on still in a Roke.

Here turn on the complaining Side,

And in that Posture still abide;

Keep the found Foot close upon t'other

Compress'd--But what needs all this pother? 265

You'll find perhaps one Time or other.

A warm'd small Pillow 'twixt your knees,

To keep them breathing, well agrees.

And, as for gouty Folks 'tis meet

To have more Clothes upon their Feet; 270

Now you may add one Garment more

Than lay upon your Feet before.

" Here, by the Way, take this from me,

" This for the Cramp best Cure will be:

" I'm willing to do Good, you see. 275

No sooner had I made this Speech,

But flyly from behind my Breech,

Up

Up steps a Witling, of that make

Which we may call a Finish'd Rake;

(Some call him a Fine Gentleman) 280

Drawn out on the Free-thinking Plan :

A Man of Honour, who would die,

Forsooth, rather than take the Lie;

Yet * gives it daily to his God,

Nor dreads his just avenging Rod. 285

Thinks he, I'll have a little Sport

With this queer Fellow here,—now for't—

Straight he accosts me with this Sneer :

Doctor, you seem beyond your Sphere.—

The Body-Doctor? Can you find 290

No Cure for a distemper'd Mind?

(Head'twas he meant---He thought me crack'd,

And that a Cure my self I lack'd.)

* N. B. See an old-fashion'd little Piece, call'd *The First Epistle of one JOHN*, written about seventeen Hundred Years ago. Chap. v. 9, 10, 11, 12, Verses.

D

Yes,

Yes, Sir; I have one in my Budget,
 Give me the Worth of't; but you'll grudge it: 295
 And I'll not throw my *Pearl* away;
 You'll *Trample* it, like Dirt or Clay.
 But Pearl it is, and cordial too;
 It's Vertues, Sir, you never knew—
 What I'm about now is no Crime; 300
 I'll be for you another Time:
 But, for the Present, step and buy
 My *Divine Ode on Prophecy*,
 If any left; Sir, you'd best hie.
 That Dose will cost you but a Shilling; 305
 If to take any thing you're willing.

Nay, the Pearl, Doctor--Let's have that.

Why, Sir, that's very smart and pat:

And as I've now a little Leisure,

You may command me at your Pleasure. 310

I've

I've put my patients all to bed,

And hope they'll shortly all be sped.

Right, Doctor, and there let 'em lye—

A good Jest, Faith, 'twixt thee and I—

But come---the Pearl--Why, Sir, you joke. 315

No, by my Soul; come, search your Poke.

Have you a Soul then? *Humph*—supposing

Stay---let me see---this looks like nothing---

Well---grant the thing for once; what then?

(I can recall that Grant again.) 320

I thought you swore by it just now.

D---n it, I don't know when nor how.

But those are only Words of Course,

Prithee lug out—No *Tales of Nurse*.

“ The Case 'tis in, I fear, is bad; 325

“ And I to cure you should be glad:

“ But I'm afraid you're given over,

“ And by no Method can recover.

“ You’ve had this Pearl, but ne’er would use it;
 “ Unless ’twas only to abuse it; 330
 “ And no means else are to be found,
 “ That possibly can make you sound.

My Spark sheer’d off, with Flea in’s Ear,
 But mutter’d—What a Devil’s here?
 I thought I might have shew’d my Wit, 335
 And matul’d the Dog; but now I’m bit.

What does the Fellow mean? A Libel?
 Or glance upon the Thing call’d *Bible*?

These Priests are the damn’d plaguy Men,
 And that damn’d damning Book again! 340

I have not seen’t the L——d knows when;
 Unless one day to find a Flaw in’t,

Which my French Valet said he saw in’t;
 I thought so too—but I’ve forgot it—

Old, strange, odd Stuff it treats of—rot it. 345

But—

But ——— pugh ——— I know there's nothing in't.
 Must I believe't because in Print?
 'Twas only coin'd in Priest-Craft Mint.
 But say there should ——— A Trick for that,
 I've still a Hole to creep out at;
 A Back-door open by Confession,
 And I shall nee'r forget that Lesson.
 'Tis but, some time before I die,
 Have Mercy on me, L——d, to try ———
 ——— Perhaps I may do't by and by.

" I found I'd touch'd him to the Quick;
 " O may he think now, and be Sick;
 " I mean, in order to be well,
 " Before he finds himself in ———

Now for the Gout: 'Tis done you'll say;
 Your Patience I must further pray;
 Rome was not built all in one Day.

And

And I have room still left behind
To shew my self much further kind.
Where I left off be sure you Mind. 365

This * *Episode*, however odd, I
Meant for the Soul rather than Body;
But now let us of that take care,
I left you in a Way seem'd fair;
I left you sweating in your Bed, 370
Closely tuck'd in and blanketed.

So lye and sweat till all is o'er,
Nature will work through ev'ry Pore;
And th' Humours vanish'd, soon you'll find
Nothing but Weakness left behind. 375

The Joint late stiff you now can move,
Supple and lithy as a Glove;
(Now and then rubbing as above.)

And in few Hours upon that Foot
Put on Sock, Stocking, Shoe, or Boot. 380

* That is, A Story interwoven.

Incredible! you'll say I jest——
 You laugh—but put it to the Test.
 As when you make a Pot to boil,
 The Scum takes off the inward Soil,
 And is besides of suppling Nature : 385
 What need I say more of the Matter?
 Yes—Here you have true * *Oil Arthritic*;
 Read, Judge, and try, good Master Critic.

But one Thing I forgot; be wise
 And use some Caution when you rise. 390
 Get the Sweat off, and dress on Bed——
 Undress'd too on your Stockings tread;
 Nought more, I think, needs to be said. }
 Only, thus clear'd, I now must tell ye,
 Indulge not too much to the Belly. 395
 Loads of Flesh-Food will soon supply
 Fresh Fuel, tho' the Fire should die.

* *Oil for the Gout.* The Title of ROGER'S.

And of all Salts the Animal
(As those from Flesh the Learned call,)

Are of the most inflaming Sort; 400

And gross Meat-suppers are bad for't.

Weigh your own Constitution well,

What suits with Health you soon may tell.

In Eating there's no Rule, for all——

The best is——Care and Nature's Call; 405

So 'tis in drinking strong or small.

In gen'rous Liquors few find harm

If mod'rate; they the Stomach warm,

And drive to the Extremities

The lurking Cause of the Disease, 410

Guarding the Vitals; which inflam'd,

Beware——Cold Water here is sam'd,

And sooner far will quell a Fever,

Than all the Med'cines found out ever.

O happy Mean to calm the Blood 415

Enrag'd into a rapid Flood!

And

And this the Ancients recommend,
 But wanted some recording Friend.
 Laugh not at Honest HANCOCK, I
 Have by Experience clinch'd it ; try. 420
 Perhaps at me you'll sneer and hoot.
 Do, and be wretched still to boot.
 Methinks I hear the Doctors cry——
 The Gout ? Cramp ? Fever ? What am I ?
 Why, I'm an honest Man, I hope ; 425
 Tho' I can't write so well as POPE ;
 Nor can pretend, by any Shift,
 To pitch within Bar's length of SWIFT.
 Safe on his Throne let POPE remain,
 Sole Monarch of the tuneful Train ; 430
 And the Arch Dean hold on his Brags,
 That he's the Prince of hum'rous Wags.
 I tell you fairly what I think ;
 Nor for Advice demand your Chink :

E

And

And the best Doctors of the College 435
 Will think with me, for all their Knowledge;
 Nay, will for their own Safety try
 What I commend——without a Spy——
 (“None to my self’s so near as I.)

But I’m so gen’rous to impart 440
 The honest Secrets of my Heart,
 Willing to do the World some good,
 Before I put off Flesh and Blood:
 And may, perhaps, before I die,
 Of *Royal* call’d *Society*, 445
 Become a worthy Member.—Fy,
 Says SIR HANS SLOANE, You’re a good Jester;
 So I don’t grudge you double Tester—
 Be thankful, Sir; perhaps you lack it,—
 Your’s is no more than ANDREW’S Packet. 450

Then

Then, something nettled, I reply,
 Your Reasons, Sir, I wait——By 'nd by;
 To a warm Patient I must hie,
 Grievously tortur'd with this fame;
 And I must follow my own Game. 455

My Coach stands ready at the Door—
 I fancy, Friend, you are but Poor.—
 (He took me for some begging Poet;
 Nor stuck, you see, to let me know it.)

I only beg——Ay, that's the Case—— 460
 I beg but for one Minute's Space——
 Then look'd my Patron in the Face ——
Sir HANS, another Time's as well;
 Then what to say you'll better tell.
 And when you've in full Council sat 465
 Upon this great and learn'd Debate;
 Should you approve this little Tract,
 (And who can argue against Fact?)

To thank you I shall have great Cause,
For so much Honour and Applause. 470

But should not that be your Intent,
I'll take your Silence for Consent.

How many Pence has ROGERS got
By advertising that one Note—

“ Th' *Royal Society* has read 475

“ My Project” (I dont find he said,
You gave your thorough-Approbation,
So as to vouch it to the Nation.)

And were alive now the great BOYLE,
He'd with my Paper burn his *Oyl*. 480

But my Scheme, should you approve of it,
Can bring me in but little Profit.

For *Second* and for *Third Edition*,

Perhaps I may have a Commission;

And should I gain of Pounds a Score, 485

My Patients would Ten Thousand more,

Their

Their Doctor's Fees not only saving,
But greater Ease and Freedom having.

Yet here methoughts, I seem'd too free,
In speaking of the Doctor's Fee : 490

For Good Sir HANS, tho' found at Heart,
Seem'd, as I thought, at first to start ;

Then somewhat to contract his Brow ;

But parting made me a low Bow ——

Much as to say——you're in the Right. 495

But, Mum for that——And so good Night.



POSTSCRIPT.



POSTSCRIPT.



It thinks I'm sorry I could not have any further Conference with that very learned and worthy Gentleman *Sir HANS SLOANE*: For whom that I have a great Esteem and Veneration, as he justly deserves, my Choice of him as a Patron will be a sufficient Evidence. And I dare say, he's so generously good as to give up any private Interest to himself for the Good of the Publick. So that our fancied Intercourse was intended only to divert the Readers, and the Doctor too amongst the Rest. And as he is now at the Head, not only of the *Royal Society*, but was lately of the *College of Physicians* also; I hope I shall stand fair in his good Graces, and those of the very learned and useful Societies to which he belongs, and ev'n indeed of all Mankind. For, tho' I may think to get a Penny, which is the common Notion entertained of us small Writers, (And indeed who does not, that is at the Charge of printing, advertizing, &c?
not

not to mention the great Pains we take, and hard straining sometimes) what is that to the great Emolument and Advantage which may accrue to every Reader who has Occasion and Inclination to make Use of my prescrib'd Method, and is a patient capable of Cure or Ease? And here, in the utmost Seriousness I can avouch, that as to my own personal Experience I can neither find, nor indeed conceive (and I have read many Authors upon the Subject) any better Method. And it has succeeded so well with me, that tho' I have been crippled, by sharp Fits of the Gout, in both my Feet; yet I can (praised be the Almighty, *in whom we live and move and have our Being*, and whose infinite Goodness is pleas'd now and then to suggest a Thought for our Advantage!) walk, and have the Use of my Limbs, much better than I could, or had, some few Years ago. And I have strong Confidence that many others may, by Virtue of this Communication, which I heartily wish.

One thing indeed I think it not amiss to add, which is, that, as I'm sure there can be no safer Method in the World than that of Perspiration, and letting out the noxious Humours or morbid Matter through the Pores: so if there be any Persons who have such a Closeness of Pores, that they can't by the Means directed have their Feet brought into a thorough Sweat; or if the Attack of the Gout be so sudden and violent that the Part affected won't bear rubbing; I can think of no better

Expedient

Expdient in these extraordinary Cafes (which must be extraordinary indeed after the Use of Flannel Socks) than the Use of a Bed Waggon to help raise the Sweat; tho' I have never had Occasion to use one my self, only a common Warming Pan at going to bed, which I find proper in the Summer, as well as Winter. By this Means you keep your Feet day and night in the Way of a gentle Perspiration, or Breathing, as it is commonly called, and continually throwing out insensibly the morbific Matter, or the Gouty Salts in some degree, and so preventing, their Redundancy——And here I should advise you to take what Care you can not to get wet of your Feet; or if you chance to do it, to change your Flannel Socks as soon as may be, and that Night cover your Feet something warmer; and if you find Occasion sweat 'em by rubbing each the other by turns the next Morning, for that's the best time——But you'll say, now I talk like an Apothecary——May be so——But I am sure I talk honestly; and whether you'll thank me or not, I would have you think me very serious now, tho' I have endeavoured to divert you (I hope innocently) by the Way.



POSTSCRIPT.

POSTSCRIPT II.



T may not be amiss, upon second thoughts, to give you some rational Account of the Ground and Foundation of that Title in the Front of this valuable Performance, *Laugh and Lye down*; which was not intended purely for a Springe to catch Wood-Cocks, as some snarling and envious Criticks may be apt to suppose, and not stick to give out. It might indeed have been taken Notice of in the main Body of the Direction; but as it was not, must now be flung into a *Postscript*. For you must know, it contains in it something of a nice and philosophical Nature, by no Means to be despis'd; and which may be some collateral Help towards an entire Discharge of the Gouty Salts, especially in those who are apt to shake their Sides when they Laugh.

For by this Means, should there remain any of those noxious Particles in the upper Regions of the Body, not yet thrown down upon the Extremities, they may be sent a packing with the rest. So that I advise my Readers, before they go about the Operation, to laugh as heartily as they can for that Purpose. And if they are of so fullen a Constitution as not easily to be excited, let them lay this little Piece under their Pillow to raise a Laugh, as ALEXANDER the Great did HOMER's *Iliad* to raise his Courage. Neither is this any fanciful Conceit, but well approv'd by manifold Instances, in o-

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ther Cases, of the great Force and Benefit of Laughter for Expulsion—As to the Benefit of it; have we not read or heard of some Persons, who being accidentally excited to a strong Fit of Laughter, have broken an inward Imposthume, and so let out that Matter, which, retain'd or pent up as before, might have prov'd of no small ill Consequence. And as to the Force of it, besides the Instance now mention'd, we have heard of others, who by laughing heartily have strain'd the Point so far, as even to bewray themselves. Particularly, amongst others, our famous Monarch *King* JAMES I. and that not only upon the acting of the celebrated Comedy, call'd *Ignoramus*, by the *Cambridge* Scholars, but also on many other such surprising and strongly-affecting Occasions; insomuch that had he been now alive, it would not have been safe for him (unless he had wanted it) to have read this small Performance.

But there needs no further Remark, Illustration, or Application on this Head. I shall further observe to you, upon the whole, how generous I have been to throw you in a perfect Cure for the Cramp (at least I have found it so) which some may have great Reason to thank me for. Instead of getting out of bed, which is commonly practis'd in that Case, lay but more Weight of Clothes upon your Feet or Legs (and I think it seldom attacks any one but in Bed; where too the Gout is, I believe, generally first felt; and which, by the Way, is a great Advantage, as you are in Readiness for't) and see and feel

feel how soon 'twill vanish. There's Perspiration again, and a Cure in an Instant. Indeed, if you take any Cold almost, there's nothing better than a Sweat to carry it off; for a Cold taken is nothing but obstructed Perspiration. And for a Fever, as I hinted, I really think nothing so good, as cold Water drunk in Bed, at the Beginning of it as near as you can. But if you find it to be of the Pleuritic Kind, attended with a Pain in the Side and Difficulty of Breathing; then I advise to drink it warm, and with a Toast in it, and as plentifully as you can, to dilute the Blood, as well as promote a Sweat; which may supersede the Necessity of Bleeding, and perhaps answer it's Intent better. In this Case, I should advise to several Quarts, pour'd in as soon as may be, while you are strong and not weakened by the Distemper, and burning and craving for Moisture, like a House on Fire; which is not to be extinguish'd by small Quantities of Water, but must have enough to over-power the Flame. But in common Fevers, a single Pint of cold Water (if you have not been us'd to drink it before) drunk in Bed, will generally raise a Sweat upon a grown Person; and a proportional Quantity upon the youngest Child. If I have thus bestowed upon you, *gratis*, the Result of my Experience for many years, I shall have the Satisfaction of having endeavour'd to do some good in the World. But to return to the Gout.

I can't forbear smiling before-hand, to think what a Rubbing and Scrubbing will be shortly set on Foot in all Parts of this Nation, at least,

should it spread no further; as if the Itch were grown epidemical. Indeed I hope the Itch of Curiosity will be so. And as to the Pleasantness of this Remedy, as intimated in the Title Page (which is a Sort of *Index* to the whole) besides the seeming Whimsicalness of it at first hearing, which is pleasing to many, and of itself apt to make one laugh, tho' it be by Way of Derision (and some People will give any thing almost, nay sometimes their very Souls, for a Laugh.) And besides its being a Piece of great News, (and what more pleasing by the way than that?) especially as this Distemper has been so generally thought incurable as to be call'd *Opprobrium Medicinæ*—the Reproach of Physick—And besides the humorous Manner of it's Publication, thought proper to recommend it, answerable to the Gilding of a Pill. Besides all these, I say, there is another Point of Pleasure, not yet touch'd upon, which seems to lye in the very Operation it self; especially, if that sage Remark of our facetious *King JAMES I.* aforementioned, be allow'd to have any Weight in it, which was—That the Pleasure of Scrubbing in the Itch was too great for any Subject --- He would have made it you see *Royal Game* only—And, as I intimated before, there will be something of an Itch in this Case, I mean an Itch of Curiosity, which will greatly enhance the Pleasure of it, especially on the first Time of Trial, before the Curiosity is over. For I have observed, as to all Matters that affect the Sense only, that the

fancied

fancied Pleasure, and Delight, and Happiness, forsooth, (as some are pleas'd to call it, and e'en stick not to make it their Heav'n too) is of a very shadowy Nature, or rather, according to the Style of an old heathen *Greek* Poet——

Dream of a Shadow, which is something more emphatical than *Fool's Paradise*. But since Pleasure, however fancied only, is to some so greatly affecting; let 'em embrace the Cloud (according to the old Fable) instead of JUNO. Let 'em have their Fancy, and they're happy enough——

*Poor Souls ! To some it may be All their Portion,
Since they would choose no other——*

Therefore to proceed—We may here further observe, that the Pleasure of Scrubbing will in the present Case be mutual, or (if taken personally) double. For the operating Foot will, at the same time, be affected by the other. And it often happens to be reciprocal too, I mean by Turns. The Patient Foot may become an Agent another Time, and cure its Benefactor; which affords a pleasing Variety, and a grateful Vicissitude, and is a lively Illustration of the old *Latin* Proverb—*Scabunt mutuò muli*—And of our very agreeable *English* one too—*Claw me, and I'll claw thee*. After all, if any one shall take it into his Head to be so weak as to slight or ridicule this noble Discovery, I beg leave to answer before-hand by a Story I have read concerning the Great COLUMBUS, the first Discoverer of the New or Western World. Who, happening into Company, where some Persons endeavour'd

you'd to depreciate that glorious Atchievement, confuted their peevish Insolence by this modest Artifice; desiring some of 'em to make an Egg stand firmly on one End upon a Table: which when they could not do upon many Trials, he, gently bruising one End of it flat, made it stand upright; letting 'em see, without any further Reprehension, how trifling the Thing seem'd when done and known.

Besides (in answer to these Sneerers) being an old Story-Teller, I have another in my Budget ready to burst out — of the celebrated Poet BEN. JOHNSON, who had a Play hiss'd off the Stage (or, in the modern polite Language, *Damn'd*) when it was first acted: which put honest BEN. into such a Pet, that, being conscious of the Merit of his Performance, and at the same Time greatly incens'd at the Weakness of Judgment discover'd in the Auditors, with great Presence and Intrepidity of Mind, came himself upon the Stage, and, upbraiding them first for their Injudiciousness, rapp'd out a bloody Oath (as the Phrase is) and swore *'Twas a good Play* — Upon which the Hiss was turn'd into a Clap.

I shall neither swear, nor make Application, further than in the Words of the old Roman Comedian, not as one my self, but, as the Title bears, a Serio-Comic-Writer. (Merry and Wise) *Vos valete & plaudite* —

Fare you all well — — And give me your Applause.

F I N I S.